

VAN LOAN'S "LITTLE SUNSET"—PHILLIES CONTINUE TO TRAVEL AT A WINNING CLIP

JAMES, WORLD'S SERIES HERO, IS NOW IN A CRIPPLED CONDITION

Boston Hurler's Case Similar to That of George Chalmers—May Never Be "Right" Again—Schmidt and Whitted Did Not "Pull a Merkle."

Bill James, world's series hero and star twirler of the Braves, has been sent to New York to consult Doctor Herrity, a specialist on muscular ailments.

After his wonderful work in 1914 it was generally believed that James would be the sensation of the National League this season, and it was freely predicted that he would be a better pitcher than Alexander before the close of the present season.

James has had trouble with his arm throughout the spring, and this was said to have been due to a cold in his shoulder, caught during the spring training, but scribes on the Pacific coast, where James lives, declare that he, like Leonard, of the Red Sox, injured his arm pitching last winter without proper training.

Several times James has shown flashes of his 1914 form, but just when great things were expected of him the big spitballer's arm has gone back on him.

Cravath Puts Finishing Touches on a Real Ball Game

"Gavvy" Cravath came into his own again yesterday, when he defeated Boston in spectacular style. With the score a tie at one run each, going into the last half of the ninth inning, Cravath made one of the longest hits seen in this city since Walter Johnson made his famous wallop at Shibe Park.

Just prior to the drive, Cravath had given Schmidt an excellent chance to retire him on a high foul between home plate and first base. It was a foul that went so high that it would have been easy for either Schmidt or Gowdy, but the former, after calling for it, misjudged the ball and it fell at his feet, giving Cravath another chance.

Mayer Maintains His Pitching Standard

Erekrine Mayer, the benedict, pitched for the Phillies and was in great form. A home-run drive by "Red" Smith was the only tally made by the Braves, and nine of them struck out. Only twice during the game was Mayer in trouble, and then he pulled himself out neatly, aided by strong support.

Was It a Bone or Good Baseball?

In the ninth the Braves also had the bases full, but two men were out and Gowdy had just been purposely passed. Ragan, one of the weakest hitters in baseball, was the batter, and a play came up that caused much discussion as to whether it was a "bone" or a daring chance that failed.

Naturally, there were many cries of "bone!" but the question is: Was it a bad play? Schmidt probably was figuring that he was the last man on the Boston team who would be expected to make this attempt, and, no doubt, decided that this gave him an excellent chance to get away with it.

Another play came up that caused a few of the fans to censure George Whitted for a seemingly poor piece of headwork, but in this instance, also, the player who took the chance was unquestionably right.

Whitted's Play Was Right, Despite Criticisms

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Stallings Uses Fine Judgment in Empire Baiting

Manager Stallings is crafty in his selections to "bait the umpires." Stallings will not allow his regulars, barring Evers, to protest decisions strenuously, as he realizes that it weakens the team to have them put out of the game.

Penn Rowing Committee Has Right Idea

The unanimity with which the members of the University of Pennsylvania Rowing Committee declined to let Vivian Nickalls step out from his position as crew coach is a timely proof that a man does not have to turn out a winner to hold his position as a university coach.

Bob Shawkey declares that he will not report to the New York Americans unless he is given a new contract, calling for more money. Just what Shawkey has done to warrant this demand is more than local fans can imagine.

Tom Knowlson, a big right-handed pitcher from the Ridgeway independent club up the state, has joined the Athletics. He is one of the youngsters from the lots who is likely to develop into a star, according to Manager Mack.

Cravath has the right field at Philly Park down to a science, and this enables him to cut down many extra-base hits. His fast return of one of Schmidt's drives yesterday reminded one of Elmer Flick and John Titus, when that pair were at their best.



Georges Carpentier, French pugilist, is one sportsman who has forsaken his profession to serve his country. Carpentier is a member of the French flying corps and despite reports of his death, capture and injuries, is still much alive.

"LITTLE SUNSET"

Gus Gets Nervous and Says Hard Words to the Manager—Little Sunset Has a Cry For a Good Cause. A Desertion From the Ranks.

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

The world's most famous writer of baseball fiction

"Blick" Jones stands with the Apaches, a major league team. As baggage, he brings his red-headed man, the John Wesley Jones. When his wife died Jones promised never to forsake the child, and so the young man has lived on baseball diamonds almost all his life.

Gus Bergstrom was the last man to reach the bench. All the way across the field the bleachers yelled at him and called him "Rip Van Winkle" and other uncomplimentary names.

The real reception awaited him on the bench. There are no hired men in the world who throw into their daily work half the enthusiasm and nervous energy of the professional baseball players.

The overstrained nerves exploded like a pack of firecrackers as Bergstrom came within hearing distance. Sarcasm, invective and downright abuse flickered along the bench like heat lightning playing among the spectators.

"You big blind stiff!" snarled Walrus Potter. "Pete was yellin' his head off for Jordan! And you built right along in with that thick head of yours and you got the ball!"

"Pine him, hell!" snapped "Shorty" Kincaid. "He ought to get six months in the county jail! I bet you could run an sugar clear through that Swede's head and never bring up a thing but bone shavings!"

Bergstrom snapped on his box in the upper tier of the grand stand and hurried through the runway which led to the clubhouse.

A substitute batted for Bergstrom, and the agony was prolonged five minutes, but the Renegades won by a score of 5 to 2.

Pete Carr was the first man to reach the clubhouse. Jake Myers met him at the door, perspiring freely, and sucking excitedly at an unlighted cigar.

"Well, you've done it now!" chattered the manager. "You've spilled the beans for Pete! You gave Bergstrom the excuse he was looking for all season and now he's quit."

"It wouldn't have been no 5 to 0 if that Swede hadn't run out on 'em!" he said. Gus pulled his hat down over his eyes and moved across the street, where from the shadow of a doorway he watched the posting of the score, inning by inning.

The desertion of Bergstrom will undoubtedly put the Apaches out of the race. The Terrible Swede's bat has kept his club in the first division for years.

"It's a fake, I tell you!" screamed the boy. "A rotten newspaper fake! He never done it! He might have got sore over making that error, but he wouldn't quit! There ain't no yellow in that Swede! I know him!"

"And he never came to see me?" wailed the boy. "What kind of a deal is that? And me his pal, too! Now, I know he quit, and he wasn't game enough to come and tell me about it! He run out on me, too!"

"My point is this," further continues our correspondent. "There is such a thing as prestige and system and individual college spirit; also men for material and other factors in winning."

"The night a big, square-shouldered man sat on the platform of the observation car of the westbound express and stared back at the electric lights of the great city."

"I didn't say good-by to the kid!" he muttered. "I must write him!"

"How d'ye do?" said the president, affably. "We didn't expect to see you quite so soon. I hope this thing in the papers isn't true! You're not quitting the game, Mr. Bergstrom?"

"I got to quit some time," said Gus. "Now, about that Valley subdivision—"

"Just as easy as shooting fish!" said he. "Or getting a home run with the bases full!" said the president of the land company with a bland smile.

"What did you want to go and jump him for?" snapped Jordan from the corner where he was sitting with his foot in a bucket of hot water.

scores of the league games. Bergstrom came to a halt. Renegades, 5 Apaches, 0. Four innings. A young man, pausing for a second, burst into a laugh.

The door opened and Erick Jones came in, a scowl on his homely face. "This is a lie, ain't it?" begged the boy.

"I wish it was a lie," said Jones. "He quit us like a yellow dog!"

"If I'd had been there I could have handled him," he sobbed. "The minute I laid up this whole damn team goes to hell! Where's Gus?"

"Gone."

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SURF FISHING PASTIME LURES ANGLERS TO NEW JERSEY COAST

Formation of Land Is Such That Many Gulleys Are Formed On Side of Breakers, Where Fishermen Are Sure to Get Returns. Expert Tells of Best Fishing Methods.

By DR. S. H. LIPSCHUTZ

The Jersey coast offers one of the best localities for the surf fisherman, as the formation of the coast is such that many gulleys lay just outside the breakers, where the surf fishermen may easily cast his lead and reach the fish that come in to feed on the sand crabs, clams and small fish.

The tackle used for this sport consists of a two-piece rod; the tip may be of split bamboo, or greenhatter, while it would be best for the man just starting out to use a bamboo rod with a No. 15 thread line, which is light, while others go to the other extreme in using entirely too heavy an outfit, losing all the pleasure in playing the fish.

The reel and line plays a very important factor in the game. From the continual casting and grinding of the sand great wear and tear must be expected on the reel and line.

The fisherman should provide himself with some sort of butt rest to support the rod while playing the fish. It consists of a socket that is attached to a belt around the waist. A butt rest may be improvised from an old shoe, removing the front and just leaving the heel part, so as to engage the butt.

A great variety of fish may be caught in the surf, from the little spot, weighing barely half a pound, to red and black drum, that have been caught as high as 80 pounds.

For kingfish blood worms prove the most killing bait. They will also take shad, bluefish and muskellunge. Weakfish take muskellunge, shedder crab and shrimp.

Black drum, shedder crab and clams. Channel bass or red drum will take squid, mullit, shedder crab, and possibly the most killing bait for these proves to be menhaden or mouskunker.

Striped bass take blood worms, shedder crab or muskellunge. Bluefish may be caught with lead squid in trolling or with bunker.

It can be readily seen that a great variety of fish may be caught on any one of the above mentioned baits, and the fishermen out for small fish, such as one of the large game varieties, and this is often the case.

Frank Graham, William Gallagher, Earl Overpeck, attaches of the Colonial Theatre, Germantown, will journey to Fortescue, N. J., over Sunday to hit the big fish.

Members of the Germantown Avenue Business Men's Association once again hit the high mark with the kings, weaks and croakers at Fortescue Tuesday.

Link and George Roden, of Philadelphia, will try Townsend Inlet this week for channel bass. They have looked the grounds over very carefully and found an ideal gulley at the southern extremity of the beach.

William Lyons journeyed to Anglesea over the week-end and brought home 5 1/2 fine sea bass, the largest weighing 5 1/2 pounds.

Aleck Knox and Mr. White, of Germantown, caught a fine mess of togue and salt-water eels, one weighing eight pounds.

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EROC'S EHT S'TAHW? ERCCS EHT, S'TAHW, YASI? EMAG S'YADOT NOW OHW? WONK AHCT'NOD? HEY POP! COMMERE AND TALK TO THIS GUY. ERCCS EHT S'TAHW? YADOT EMAG ON. UOYKANHT? EMOCLEW ERUOY. HE AST ME WHAT WUZ THE SCORE. HE WAS SPEAKIN' REVERSED SOME LANGWHICH! FIGGIR IT OUT MABEL.